

A black and white photograph of KRS-One from the waist up. He is wearing a dark turtleneck sweater over a dark zip-up hoodie. He has long, dark, braided hair and is looking upwards with his eyes closed. His hands are raised in a 'praying' or 'worshiping' gesture, with his fingers spread. The background is a bright, overexposed yellow.

Spiritual Minded

KRS-ONE

and The Temple of Hip Hop

KRS-One Lyrics

"Lord Live Within My Heart"

[repeat 2X - sung]

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Look, look!
Ba-bi-di-ba-bi-dang-a-dang-diggy
How many rappers can actually hang with me?
My style is that Kris-style, it's witty
In they style, I have no more Faith like Biggie
I battle on many levels, I shatter so many devils
'Fore you challenge me you better know the essentials
It's the K to the R to the S, to the uno
You know, if you don't know your crew know
When you hear the thunderin sound, you under the ground
You can tell by the way we jumpin around
It's the teacher, breakin it down
I'm an upright MC, these others they be crawlin around, word

[repeat 2X - sung]

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Yeah yeah, word up, look, look!
You know when the teacher returns, just get ready to learn
Just get ready to earn, health, love
awareness and money to burn, I'm not really concerned
how the Benz just turn, 'round the corner
for our sons and daughters to yearn, stand firm
If you lookin at these hooks you becomin a mad worm
Danglin from the pole of the fisher, the corporate fisher
The talent scout and no doubt ready to get ya!

[repeat 1X - sung]

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

Look look look look!
I'm anything BUT regular, not even similar
I get rid of the SIN in ya when I spit at ya, my new literature
Now who forever been with ya? THE TEACHER!
Who remembers the kid in ya? THE TEACHER!
I'm winnin ya, or winnin a convert when the rhyme splurt at the concert
Forget the times that hurt, if the mind's alert let the mind work
Uh! Let the body divert

To get to the top of the mountain, you've got to climb dirt
So c'mon climb through, don't get stuck lookin behind you
It'll blind you, however I'm here to remind you
Many of you lost you've got to find you
You'll be found you simply by you finding you, c'mon!

[repeat 4X - sung]

Lord live within my heart.. Lord don't you ever stop..
Fill me up with what I need.. just have to ask I shall receive..

KRS-One Lyrics

"Take Your Tyme"

Y'all don't know? Y'all don't know your body is a temple?

A temple to the living God? Don't get gassed y'all

All my sisters out there, here's the truth

You, a you've got to.. {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Look, look!

You don't want no unsteady relationships, you want it tight

You don't want no man beggin and always gonna get, am I right?

You don't want no man sleepin cheatin freakin behind his wife

There's no such thing as make love, it's really make life

I don't care what nobody say; you sleep with a man, that's your husband

So make sure, before you lay down, you love him

And learn him, yes it's still sacred to be a virgin

Relax, it's curiosity that always burns 'em in fact

Sex is like candy, be disciplined, no splurgin

You don't want your stomach hurtin

Girl, you gotta.. {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Listen!

Cash is an issue with that he can never diss you

Even if he makes you cry, you bought your own tissue

witcha own case, witcha own hand, wipe ya own face

And throw him out, no doubt, out of your own place

If your heart is broken you can mend it

If you're independent, your womanhood, that's when you defend it

Just.. uhh, just {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME} woo!

Look!

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Don't come witcha hand always out

If he buys you somethin thank him, but that's not what a man is about

Real men are real friends, showin their real commitment

He tells you he really loves you, a boy can't really admit it

If a man really wants you, that man really flaunts you

In public or private a real man really supports you

'Member what Guru taught you? Of course you "Royalty"

You dress how you like when a QUEEN is what you ought to be

and ought to act like, and also ought to manifest

How you dress makes you constantly blessed, or constantly stressed

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME} Yo!

{TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

Yo, yo

So while you burnin off those calories, think about reality
Get a skill for the salary, a man for the family
Not a boy, that's a catastrophe, don't get mad at me
Instead of always clubbin visit museums and art galleries
Pick the single man, admirin the ancient sculpture
He's cultured, chances are he won't insult ya
Give him your number only after you know what he does
Ask him what it is, not what it was
You want the good life (GOOD LIFE)
You want the good life (GOOD LIFE)
You want the, you want the, you want the
C'mon, you gotta {TAKE.. YOUR.. TIME}

KRS-One Lyrics

"Take It To God"

(feat. Professor Ecks)

[KRS-One]

Yeah, once again, word up urban inspirational
KRS-One, Professor Ecks, whattup Dan? Woo
Temple of Hip-Hop, let's do it

By the sound of the track, you know who is back
It's the teacher, philosopher of conscious rap
Rappers tired of me sayin where hip-hop is at
Cause they know they unoriginal, copycats
Watch me bump this gospel rap, never wack
In fact, I tell you where the tracks is at
TV is wack, they wanna show us beatin Iraq
When the question is, is where is Chandra Levy at?

[Professor Ecks]

Murdered God and left for dead like hip-hop
And admit to Condit like conduct, to kill Ecks the dread
And Kris crucified the false prophet
John F. Kennedy to these MC's, I draw and cock it
Cock on cocky cops for the love of the art
Punish the part, partition
Pardon the pause, poison pens penetrate the mental
I walk with Kris so my body's a temple
Body instrumentals and body your squad in the body of a God

[KRS-One]

Just think, just think, what if Malcolm X returned
or Dr. King returned, tell me what have we learned?
As we takin our turn, tell me what have we earned
or is the ice and the cars our only concern
Mo' money, mo' money, you be yellin it out
And on TV can't you see you be sellin us out
So in 2010, look to 2002
Who you think they gonna respect, me or you?

[Professor Ecks]

Behold, the God, in the form of the man
Walkin off water and [?] flesh absorbs in the sand
Moor gets the land, divorcin the clan, I'm off into sand
Off and I'm slayin delicate arms from porcelain hands
Slaughtered the lambs, charge it to the game
Cats take hip-hop's name in vain
Disrespectin the forefathers who came (uh-huh)

Goddess hurt 'em right now, like when Marvin was slain

[KRS-One]

They don't want it, nope, they don't need it, nope
Just stay weeded and hope, I don't read what you wrote
Best believe they ain't dope, they deceivin these folks
with they meaningless quotes, I got my feet on they throat
What they speak is a joke, they really weak and they broke
Have a seat and take notes, on the streets I'm the Pope
MTV is they hope, they repeat what they wrote
I'm an MC that won't, let them tempt me with coke

[Professor Ecks]

Nope, flesh of my flesh, blessed by KRS
Used to love her, they [?] haven't made a date with death
Follow no man, enslave the Ecks, Professin the student
I vibe with the teacher obliged to drop [?] liver than heaters
Lyrics liable to eat us like the survivors of Jesus
Now the, blind is the leaders, your styles is egregious
Gets now the brow beateth to underground emceeth
The game is overheated, overweeded, and misunderstood

[KRS-One]

Word, just a ride in they boat, with a platinum rope
No doubt, they sellin us out, what's happenin loc?
Quit this rappin I won't, cause MC'n is dope
If I can't do it for the love then do it I won't
How many times we note when these rappers is dope
Satisfied, that's why I'm renewin your hope
Broaden your scope, when cleaned out your mind
my rhyme is like a new bar of deodorant soap

[Professor Ecks]

In this land of men mice and mimes, I holds right for the laws
Live life like Christ, makin bread from mics and applause
The snakes fight with Tyson like jaws for what's rightfully yours
I might [?] 'em all, tell me - is it life or it's war?

[singer]

Goooyyyiyyyiyyyod, Goooyyyiyyyiiod, Goooyyyiyyyod
My God, your God, our God.. is God, is God
Change is gonna come, where you goin to run, but to God?
To God, run to God, run to God
Run to God, and let him in your heart
Change is gonna come, the change is gonna come
Make it your change, run to God, in your heart
Let God in your heart, he will fillt he part
Goooyyyiyyyiyyyod, in youuuuuuuur heart
Take it to God, take it to God God

Take it to my God, your God, take it to God
Take it to Goooyyyiyyyiyyyod, take it to Goooyyyiyyyiyyyod
Take it to Goooyyyiyyyiyyyod, take it to God
Just take it to God, run and, take it God
Take it to Go-awd

KRS-One Lyrics

"Good Bye"

Yeah, yeah, let's switch the flow up a little
Word.. bring the love back, here we go

You ever lost somebody, a member of your party
Your daddy maybe mommy, for them there was no copy
Just know that we all asleep, pray to the lord my Soul will keep
Life is a dream no need to weep, God's gonna wake us up from sleep
Every night we die, we practice for death
Everytime we sleep we say goodbye
But I, still can't get over the fact
That my best friend's awake and not comin back
So as the tears.. {tears roll from my eyes}
Uhh, uhh, I never got a chance to say

{Goodbye!!!} Trouble MC, Scott LaRock, Paul Sea, Doctor Rock
Mastadon, Trouble T-Roy, Aaliyah, Cowboy
Sugar Shaft, Eazy-E.. {got to say goodbye}
Yeah.. bring the love back, bring the love back

When you wake up, then you'll know, what was up
You won't live, so corrupt, only love, you'll take up
All the chasin and rushin impatience and fussin
The racin for somethin the hatin and frontin is makin you NOTHIN
So, die before you die so when you die you don't die
You got to die before you die so when you die you don't die
You got to die to all the world, all the guys and the girls
You got to die to lovin money and them diamonds and pearls
So as the tears.. (tears roll from my eyes)
I never got a chance to say to y'all

{Goodbye!!!} Prince Messiah, Bigga B, Freaky Tah, B.I.G.
Big Pun, Mercury, June Bug, Buffy
Tupac, Darryl C.. {got to say goodbye}
Bring the love back, bring the love back, uhh, hip-hop

So remember when they die, they have only woke up
It's our wants and our needs that be chokin us up
{And I want and I need and I want and I need..}
Yo, there was a time when hip-hop was on our mind
It wasn't about no crime, just reality rhymes
If you battled me fine, but in the end we reclined
with a bottle of wine, MC's the ORIGINAL kind but
{Why did you stray..} hip-hop
{Why did you stray..} hip-hop

{Why did you stray..} hip-hop!
{Why did you stray....} bring the love back
{Why did you stray..} bring the love back
{Why did you stray..} {Why did you stray..}
{Why did you stray..} rise up y'all
{Why did you stray..} remember where you came from
{Why did you stray..} bring the love back
{Why did you stray..}

KRS-One Lyrics

"South Bronx 2002"

This what you call hardcore, fat gospel.. street gospel

[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my people at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my heart is at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] C'mon let's bring it back
[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS-One]
Raw rhymes for raw times
My albums are underground, but this blessing is all mine
And when it's tour time, we open more minds
You need to rethink who you think is the "Greatest of All Time"
I got this - I'm raw like Freddie Foxxx is
Hardcore like The LOX is, Scott LaRock is where Tupac is
Where hip-hop is, Digital-ly Underground like Shock is
Oh yes - I know where the top is
But I'd rather rhyme about how crooked some of these cops is
My synopsis ain't pretty
I'd stay, off them plains and, out the city if I were you
Do what you gotta do
But while you wave them flags, remember Amadou.. Diallo
Here's what we gotta do, follow
I'll put hip-hop in you if you're hollow
Those that already filled, STILL take swallows
Goin over potholes with Tahoes
You don't think (I) know? Huh! I'm lookin at you right now
You ain't dancin in the club, you in your car, sittin down
You in the crib, on the low
You got them headsets on the go
You just saw me at the show - oh you don't know?
It's the Temple of Hip-Hop, comin, with a whole DIFFERENT flow
Yo where them hoes at? I don't know
But wherever God at, I'ma go
I give 'em a hard rap AND a flow
That's why when they call back for the show, with no video
We get up and go!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
[KRS] Yo where it started at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my people at?

[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] Yo where my heart is at?
[all] South South, Bronx!
[KRS] C'mon let's bring it back
[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS-One]

Peep it out while I tell ya like this
In every single hood in the WORLD I'm called Kris
It's the, truth for ya, it's the proof for ya
My Cristal passes more bars than lawyers
The underground sound, this is not easily found
You don't need no rings to be down
This is, past the platinum and gold
We already had 'em, it's old
Here's the truth if it be told, gather 'round
Philosopher style is known to be wild
If you only holdin them guns, who's holdin your child?
You got to be thinkin you KNOW that you shrinkin
When the art of Navigation has been reduced to a Lincoln
Change the dial! I was free then and I'm free now
You free, runnin to MTV? I don't see how!
You know the real from the fake, you know they stealin they cake
You know it ain't about the art, it's all about what they make
You know the radio's late, you know they play what you hate
That's why you got that Kay Slay tape, tryin to escape
You know the love of the cars and the rims
Tattooed arms and Timbs, are also called sins
You know you got to pay for these spins
You know the rap magazines be wack from beginning to the end
BO!

[Chorus]

[KRS-One]

I never was a king and I'm not the Pres
I'm a teacher like that reefer goin straight to your head
I'm a preacher tryin to bring my people back from the dead
I'm a leader tryin to keep you all away from the feds
You my sister I'll be tryin to get you OUT of the bed
I'm a philosopher sayin what has GOT to be said
I don't FILL you with lead, I bring that KNOWLEDGE instead
FOLLOW this dread, I'll take you from A to Zed
Who am I? Just a scholar called K-R-S
You can spend your money on others but THEY AIN'T BLESSED
You can spend your money drugs and STILL BE STRESSED
Look around for conscious rappes yo there AIN'T NONE LEFT
I'm holdin it down; better yet I'm holdin up
Waitin for some young buck to come and sip from the cup

And continue with the menu puttin new knowledge in you
I got a question and a lesson cause I KNOW what you been through
But..

[Chorus - 1/2]

[no beat]

[KRS] Yo where it started at?

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS] Yo where my people at?

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS] Yo where my heart is at?

[all] South South, Bronx!

[KRS] C'mon let's bring it back!!

The South South Bronx, boyeee..

KRS-One Lyrics

"Never Give Up"

Gather 'round, gather 'round, ha
Metaphysical style, spiritual style, the ORIGINAL style, ha
Yes.. let's do it

[Chorus]

- you can never give up, you should never give up
- you can never give up, we can never give up
- you can never give up, you can never give up

- you should never give up, we can never give up, you can never give up

Yeah, yeah
Y'all don't really know about the KRS rap
Y'all don't really about why we stay trapped
Y'all don't really know hip-hop ain't rap
But let me tell you how we can get it all back
First realize givin up is wack
Say to yourself I can never be wack
Then realize that we must go back
And the reason you can't seem to get on track
is you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain
You, keep, buying, HOES, all y'all know my name
And how I get down and move around
I've already been to the proving ground
In conscious rap, who rule the sound
The question is are you down?

[Chorus]

Look - KRS-One, I've learned already
Everything they doin is temporary
No matter how big you live
You still the creation of a music executive
And when you get old no matter what you did
They throw you away and they pimp your kid
Yeah kids, on the TV whylin
You know why we got racial profilin?
Cause you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain
You, keep, buying, HOES, all y'all know my name
So there in the future we'll look back
And then we will see we were under attack
But it'll be too late, the loss'll be too great
You'll see, just wait!

[Chorus]

C'mon, c'mon, yeah c'mon
You see how they shuttin down KRS-One
Cause I'm not sexy, thuggin or dumb
Ask yourself -
- why they only promotin criminal activity and nothin else?
On the videos and on the radio
Teachin our kids which way to go
And the way that they tell our kids to go
If you listen, heads right straight to prison
While you, keep, buying, HOES, simple and plain
You, keep, buying, HOES, y'all better peep the game
You got to release that temptation
Get a brand new affirmation
Your life is what you make 'em
Peace, salaam alaikum

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Tears"

"At midday today, some Americans attended memorial services for victims of Tuesday's acts of terrorism. Thousands gathered at Chicago's Daily Plaza. Hundreds more looked on from the windows of surrounding office buildings. Many waved flags, and traffic came to a complete standstill. On the rooftop of City Hall, which faces Daily Plaza, a police sharpshooter watched the crowd, even as he saluted the flag. After a minute of silence, church bells rang."

{Ain't no need in all the tears, oh no no, yeah yeah
Yeah cause things will be better tomorrow}

[Chorus: repeat 2X sung]

No need for tears, no need to cry
No matter what we face, we shall get by
When the problems you face are too much to bear
Know I'll be there

Hold that head up y'all, don't get fed up y'all
C'mon let's get up y'all
Make that bed up y'all, life is a set-up y'all
Sadness comes from a lack of knowin, not knowin
where the one that you love is goin
We all gonna reap what we all are sewin
There is no death, just constant growin
We can't stay here forever
We all gotta go to a place we believe is better
So why be sad, why be mad
Now you can see it ain't about the cheddar
It's all about the time that we spend together
Not the rhyme or the crime or the Gucci sweater
The house that's built on a rock can stand the weather
Faith, can stand the weather
But is your house, upon the rock
Or is it on sand and about to drop
Here is the question that you got to ask
Do I live for today or do I live for the past?
Think fast, but do not hurry
Life is a class and we should not worry
But tell me, how long you gonna ignore
Tell me how long you gonna ignore God's law?
How long can you really endure
Livin like pimps, livin like whores
The choice is yours, or really ours

Think about this while you lay the flowers
on the grave, uh, let's talk about how you behave, uh
Do you come out the neighbor' or out the cave?
Better change your ways, we comin up on some stranger days

[Chorus]

Uhh, uhh
Don't step where the danger lays or danger lies
Open them EYES UP, better to RISE UP, WISE UP
Raise your MINDS UP
Look to the left, look to the right
Pray in the day and the night
Be prepared for the fight, not scared of the fight
He's the way, the truth AND the light
J to the E to the S to the U to the S
You can remove the stress
Yes, we do need you here
Yes, we wanna be free from fear
Yes, we wanna start seein clear
Havin you here, not over there
Lookin around sayin where, does anybody care?
Yeah, I'll be there
At the door, not at the war
At Matthew 5:44
"But I say, unto you
Love your enemies, bless them that curse you
Do good to them that hate you
And pray for them which despitefully use you
and persecute you"
This goes for them terrorists too
But them publicans, done put themSELVES up above again
Lookin for blood again, hate no love again
Got them soldiers runnin in, with a gun again
With a ton of sin, in a holy war, how we gonna win?
I think it's time for KRS-One again

[Chorus repeat 2X]

The time is now, you gotta make your choice
Which side are you on? Turn now to Matthew 5:46
"For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye?
Do not even the publicans the same?
And if ye salute your breddern only, what do ye more than others
do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect;
even as your FATHER which is in heaven, is perfect.." *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Conscious Rapper"

You think this is easy right? (Yeah!)
You think this is easy right? (That's easy!)
You think you got what it takes? (Yeah that's easy!)
Huh, we gon' see.. we gon' see right now (Now what?)
Look

So you wanna be a conscious rapper
Can you handle the press and they negative chatter
Can you eat cold platters, and still spit data
Watchin others spit lies and they pockets get fatter
Can you climb up the ladder, and reach the top?
But it still doesn't matter, cause you ain't pop
Can you rock for the love of the art
Can you drop hit after hit after hit and still don't chart?
Can you REALLY stay loyal to God
when your life is full of strife, plus it always seems so hard
Can you handle the criticism
People holdin you up to higher standards, but they don't live 'em?
Can you hear these kiddy flows and laugh at it
But when you spit they callin you arrogant?
You better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', let's do it!

[Chorus: sung]

Think you can do what I do
Think you can step in my shoes
You have no clue what I go through
You never felt my pain
When they attack my name
All because I have spoken the truth

To be a conscious rapper ain't a mystery
You gotta laugh when they call you contradictory
The whole industry, you gotta push and pull it
To really get with me, you gotta dodge they bullets
Blaow, blaow, blaow, every day and every way
You critics got somethin to say
At the same time, you gotta uphold Christ
Uphold life, while others flash cars and ice
It could break you down, take you down, make you frown
It could actually shake your ground
But if you love who you are, and believe in that
Best believe you will BE where the teacher's at
And where's that? In fact, in cold or heat

Yes, I declare victory over the streets
Overstand, over these beats, over the so-called elite
Over the strong, over the weak
I know how to speak, and most of all I know how to eat
I know I want humble and meek
So you better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to pop your Cris', uhh

[Chorus]

Look!
So you thinkin about bein a concious MC
Well you gotta love God and you got to live free
You got to see the life that others can't see
You got to be the person that others can't be
You can't be a S-L-A, V-E
If you sayin to yourself, "This may be me"
Then you know goin in that you work against sin
Your very skills will kill the demons within
So don't expect respect from slaves and hoes
Nor the slavemaster's video shows
Nor the rap mags, you know how it go
Especially black mags, you know they don't know
Just go to the crowd that you know will need you
Cause NOTHING compares to the respect of the people
That's what you look for, that's what you work with
Cause anything else, is truly worthless
You better think about that before you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris'
You better think about that, 'fore you rock to this
Sometimes it's easier to just pop your Cris', uhh

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Trust"

C'mon, gather round now, gather round now, look now
How many times did you pre-meditate
what you thought was your fate, cause you couldn't just wait
You had to have it the way that you thought in your mind
But in the end, everything came in time
But before the time, you was losin your mind
You was racin and rushin and fallin behind
But let me tell you bout God and the way that She works
I mean the way that He works, I mean the way that We work
You gotta trust in your Lord, everything is in accord
Don't rush or fuss, you gonna get yours
Close your eyes, your heart, your ears, your mind
to the ways and thoughts of mankind
And seek ye first the Kingdom of God
And things won't seem so hard
You gotta trust your Lord, uhh, uhh.. tell 'em bout

[Chorus]

Trust and obey, trust when afraid
Trust when you paid, trust when betrayed
Trust when you fear, trust when you unclear
Trust when you here, trust when you near
Trust when you down, trust when you found
Trust when you clown, trust

C'mon, let's do it again, uh, uh
Let's raise it up, c'mon, look

After you live and you learn then you see
You will learn how to trust in your G-O-D
You will be so free, you won't see no me
You will only see the will of the almighty
You sick of what? Well ya will, give it up
Stop thinkin and begin to, live it up
Everytime you think it's one way it's not
Everytime you wanna start you really stop
Trust in the inner the outer is for the sinners
In fact this whole rap is for beginners
Those that have talked and walked upon the path
Know that they get what they want before they act
So why rush, if your respect is due
Whatever you DON'T have is protectin you
Here's what you DO have that be bringin the drama
Ask and it shall be given, with a comma

[Chorus]

[singers]

You trust in her, trust in him, trust in them, and then

 Trust in men, trust in sin, trust in friends

You trust in her, trust in him, trust in them, and then

 Trust in men, trust in sin, trust in friends

Uh uh, soundin good, soundin good, look, look

 So when will you be it, when will you see it

That thoughts and things they manifest when you decree it

 But God be lookin out for you

 Puttin a stop to what you're about to do

 In your life, and in your circumstances

 Everytime you speak you be takin chances

Talkin bout things that you really don't have to have

 So when you get 'em, your life turns sad

Your life turns bad, now why would your God be allowin that?

 Trust in God, that's where the crown is at

 It's not in what you get, it's what happens after that

 So if you think your life is shrinkin

 It may be cause you keep thinkin

 Not that intellect is wrong

It's just the beginning, it might be time to move on

[Chorus]

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ain't Ready"

Uhh! They don't wanna battle
They ain't ready for the battle, uh-uh, uh-uh (Temple of Hip-Hop)
Listen, listen, listen

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Your spirit AIN'T READY
Your church AIN'T READY
Your bishop AIN'T READY
Your deacons AIN'T READY
Your choir AIN'T READY
Your ushers AIN'T READY
At the Temple of Hip-Hop
WE TEACH MANY!

Look! To all my people hurtin, all my people searchin
What we know for sure, God is always workin
Workin while you flirtin, workin while you jerkin
Workin while the world is turnin and these cities burnin
God is always workin, workin while you learnin
Workin while you ignorant and when you're not concernin
Christ consciousness, get that, got that
Spit that, rock that, hip that, hop that
You sniff that? Stop that, I give back and got back
Greedy? I'm not that, you needy for that shock rap
Slangin on the block rap, duckin where the cops at
I don't know that, but Jesus done copped that
Not that man on the cross, it ain't like that
You must act like the son of God, that's where the lights at
Stop readin only and start bein show me
Like the resurrection I'll be back, they can't hold me

[Chorus]

One thing's for sure and believe it hurt
It's when the pastor ain't sure, and deceives the church
They don't know God's law, and can't see God at work
So when they see hip-hop, they push it to the back of the church
Like fig trees or figures they don't bear fruit
They gospel artists, still tryin to chase that loot
Hear the truth now, I come to enhance the light
They women of God, singin while they pants is tight?
They not hot! Really they, regular
They clothes they flows, all that, secular
What's the difference I could stay in the world and wild

if these church girls wear more makeup than Destiny's Child
Keep it real Christian, some of y'all liftin ain't likin
But this is the difference between a Christian and a Christ-ian
Stop readin only and start bein show me
Like the resurrection I'll be back, they can't hold me
..listen, listen, listen

[Chorus]

Look! Spiritual minded, you must find it
Find your spirit and go deep inside it
This goes out to the Christ-ians listenin
This is the flow that, gospel's missin it's urban inspirational rap
We got our own section in the record stores, in our own rack
We respect tradition, from the start
But we now know, the true word of God is written in our heart
We gotta say somethin to the streets kid!
All these churches surroundin the devil still ain't defeat it?
They the type to get down, I'm the type to get up
From "Criminal" to "Spiritual Minded", now raise your head up
Let me start, these rappers ain't got God in they heart
All they want is quick money, and a movie part
Let me begin - what, where, why or when
What's the use of double platinum if you're livin in sin
Hear the truth - how long you think you gonna last
rockin the mic, without havin to go back to class?
Now you're forced, to listen to the teacher outrap them
Yes there's life after platinum

KRS-One Lyrics

"Know Thy Self"

You ready to go? I'm ready to go
What about y'all, y'all ready to go? (yeah aight yeah) I'm ready to go
Look

[repeat 3X]
Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?
What does it mean to be in the world but not of it
It means you want the cars the cash the jewels the house but you don't love it
It means to taxes regulation state law you live above it
It means you a FREE hip-hopper, you ain't nobody's puppet
You don't see no money on me, you see it up in the cupboard
You see me up in Toys'R'Us, with my seeds cause they love it
You see insurance flash out, if my kids pass out
You see seven acres of land where we can all spaz out
To all my fathers that fathered, hold your head up for starters
Teach your toddlers, not to be thieves and robbers
This that other kind of rap, that leads to true hip-hop
There's other kinds of raps, but they lead you to get shot
The choice is yours, you gettin older now
You got a kid comin, how you gonna hold it down?
It's one thing to be iced out and rocked up
What's the point if you're gettin locked up?

[repeat 3X]
Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?
It's really time we seperate the young men from the big men
The young girls from the women, whatever the title that fit them
My style designed to open a child's mind when I spit them
I only got a little bit of time to really rhyme and uplift them
You see them brothers talkin about that crime? Forgive them
It won't be long before they words manifest and they live them
Sometimes you gotta go back to the beginnin to learn
After fifteen years I'm just BEGINNIN to burn
To all my true hip-hoppers, that pay bills and live proper
Never allow a negative thought to stop ya
Correct ya posture, stand upright not uptight

Don't be scared of the light, just prepare for the fight
We say "Criminal Minded", cause our thoughts are illegal
We represent the very thinkin of, inner-city people
Real people, people that take care of theyself
They need health, love, awareness and wealth
Not to mention, knowledge of God
Not college, the job then dead - if you agree nod your head
It's one thing to be iced out and rocked up
But what's the point if you're gettin locked up?

[repeat 3X]

Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?

C'mon c'mon yo, tonight is it

We gonna steal away together, through these rhymes I spit

When the student is ready, the teacher, shall appear

So I'm here, but are you really ready to face your fears?

Mo' money, mo' money, is that your credo?

You've been livin in a dream world Neo, power to the people!

Nobody's equal, everybody's diverse and different

My lyric'll never cheat you, my verse is gifted

So manifest what you believe is God almighty

It could be Allah Jesus Krishna Buddha Aphrodite

It could be Nefretire come hear me and never fear me

It's like at some point in your life you gonna have to hear me

I represent them teachers preachers comin through your speaker

Manifestin another lesson to them true believers

Instead of pickin up our women ready to mistreat 'em

You better get yourself a wife and kid and never leave 'em

You better teach 'em you better read 'em you better feed 'em

The system will defeat 'em if you don't teach 'em the cops'll beat 'em

The style that I be kickin quick is "Edutainment"

Hip-Hop culture needed a teacher quick so I became it

Instead of rymin about my history and what I been through

I'd rather rhyme about awakening the God within you

Yo, it's one thing to be iced out and rocked up

But what's the point if you're gettin locked up?

[repeat 3X]

Know thy self, and thou shalt know
The universe and God (whoa-ohh-ohh)

God is the mother, the father, the friend
Know ye not that ye must be born again?

Yeah.. yeah.. FRESH, for two-thousand and two

my sisters and BROTHERS, my sisters and BROTHERS.. *[repeats to fade]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"G. Simone Speaks"

Praise God.

YES, I have danced with the devil
- and I learned all the steps!

You watched me God, and inside you wept.
You reached out for my hand - I turned my back on you.
I thought I knew the plan; but that's not true.
I've learned who I was, and I know now who I am.
Meet me on the dancefloor God, for you.. I will stand.

KRS-One Lyrics

"Dayz Ahead"

God core, urban inspirational

Holy hip hop

You know the type, all in your city

Word up

I know that the dayz ahead are dark

But you can shine the light that's in your heart

You've gotta see yourself in victory

The love I give to you, you give to me

Let's come together once and for all

Before our children cannot walk in the mall

Before we cannot talk or walk at all already aviation is stalled

Now everybody wants to drive, bringing our highways to a crawl

Just about three weeks on back

I was talking to a journalist about my album, the sneak attack

Now I know, why I felt that way

Why the cards God revealed to me was dealt that way

Be prepared for the unexpected, that was the theme

But if your booty's shaking, you can't know what that means

Look, we all, in the, same, game

It's that world bank game that got struck with two flame

But we, yes the people, are struck with true pain

'Coz the world Bank'll do the same under a new name

We gotta recognize the prize and the people at the door

No more lies, you can no longer ignore

I know that the dayz ahead are dark

But you can shine the light that's in your heart

You've gotta see yourself in victory

The respect I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark

But you can shine the light that's in your heart

You've gotta see yourself in victory

The respect I give to you, you give to me

I know

(Know what?)

I know

(What you know?)

What do I show?
(What you show?)
Captivating lyrical flow
(They don't play it on radio)

Yeah, but the spirit know
But only a few can hear it though
The metaphysical lyrical blow
The minute you're in it and hear it, yo

See the evil and clear it, yo
See that for as many that died there was twice as many miracles
Uh, so let the dead bury their dead
Life is but a dream and in the dream we gotta get ready for bed

Better we look ahead instead, to the ones that survived
Pray for them too, 'coz there grace of God kept them alive
Yes, we mourn for the dead and will still kill for them
But what about the injured that must still rebuild again?

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The love I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The love I give to you, you give to me

To all the people, that never lost someone
Consider the cost of the loss of a lost daughter or son
These cowards slaughter and run
And to know that there's more than just one

Makes you wanna store up your gun
And withdraw all the funds, but

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The love I give to you, you give to me

I know that the dayz ahead are dark
But you can shine the light that's in your heart
You've gotta see yourself in victory
The respect I give to you, you give to me

KRS-One Lyrics

"Power"

Father, Father, Father, Father
Father, Father, Father, Father
You are God, You are God

Father, Father, Father, Father, Father
Father, Father, Father, Father, Father
You are God, You are God

You reign in power, power
You are God, You are God

Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)

Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)
Father
(Father)

You are God, You are God

You reign in power
(You reign in power)
Power
You reign in power
(You reign in power)
Power

Trust Him, trust Him
Trust Him completely, trust Him completely
Serve Him, serve Him
Serve Him with gladness, serve Him with gladness
Praise Him, Praise Him
Praise Him forever, praise Him forever

Power, power, You reign in power

You reign in power, You reign in power
You reign in power, You reign in power
You reign in power, power

Yeah, yeah
There was a time when I could not find
The Spirit of God beyond the mind
In retrospect, the intellect is blind

It makes me think that I'm the reason
For all that's mine
Even this rhyme, I'm inclined to believe
Is from me, instead of being received
This is how we're deceived

How am I more than dust
When it's Your love that animates us?
Forever I will trust
Your love is better than lust
You live forever in us